

WHICH ONE?

One of us, dear—
But one—
Will sit by a bed with marvelous fear,
And clasp a hand
Growing cold as it feels for the spirit land—
Darling, which one?

One of us, dear—
But one—
Will stand by the other's coffin pier,
And look and weep,
While those marble lips strange silence keep—
Darling, which one?

One of us, dear—
But one—
By an open grave will drop a tear,
And homeward go,
The anguish of an unshared grief to know—
Darling, which one?

One of us, darling, it must be,
It may be you will slip from me;
Or perhaps my life may first be done;
I'm glad we do not know
Which one.

TRAINING A HUSBAND.

So you want to know how I came ter hev Caleb, when I knew jest heow he used Nancy, his first wife. Wall, I'll tell you all about it.

You know Dan'l left me pretty poorly off. I hed two little children, an' what ter dew I didn't know. The mortgage was ter run out in about a year an' a half arter he died. I'd sent the children down to brother John's ter go to school. Brother John wanted me to give them ter him, an' he'd do well by 'em, an' I was meditating on it, orful loth to dew it. But what else could I dew with 'em when the old farm was took away from me?

One day, when the time was near out, I was a hoein' the beans on side of the fence jinin' Caleb's cornfield. I tell yer, Hannah, I never felt bluer in all my born days. I'd allers lived an' worked on a farm, an' couldn't do no other kind of work; so what was to come of me I didn't know.

"Purty good hoein' for a green hand," sez somebody over the fence.

"Yes," sez I. "I've done enough of it since I was left alone. 'Practice makes perfect,' we used ter write in our copybook when we were children," an' I couldn't help heaving a sigh.

"Wall, Emmerline," says he, "your'n I seem to be in the same fix. You need a man to do your hoeing an' sich, an' I need a woman to see ter my house, an' if you're agreed we'll hitch horses and work in double harness. I can't find no hired help that'll do as Nancy did. (Thinks myself, an' you'll never find another 'twill, either.) "So, what d'ye say, Emmerline?"

"P'raps I didn't think o' nothing for the nex' few minutes. It all flashed over me in a second, what an unfeelin' man he'd allers ben. Poor Nancy had ter dew all the house work, an' a good deal belonging ter him ter dew, an' he was stingier than an old miser, tew."

I knew he was a smart man ter work, was forehanded an' was able to live in good deal better shape than he did, an' you know, Hannah, that poor Dan'l was just the oppposite. He was a norful clever man, was Dan'l but kind o' shiftless an' easy, an' it allers worried me ter hav things goin' so slack. Sez I to myself, a body can't hev everything; there's allers some cunts, an' a poor man's better'n none. So I speaks right up, an' I sez:

"Caleb, we've been nabors for many a year. I know your failin's an' s'pose you know mine; an' so, if you say so, all right; p'raps we both might do wuss."

Wal, ter make a long story short, we agreed to the business right off. Caleb said that it was stylish to go on a weddin' tower nowadays, and as he wanted ter go down to Bangor to see about selling his wool, an' as Sarah Jane Curtis (who used to work for him) lived about half way, an' we could stop there both ways and not cost us anything, he thought we'd better go. His niece, Rebecca Gilman, yer know, lives there, and we could make her a visit at the same time. Brother John lives there tew, you know, an' I'd made up my mind that I'd bring home the children.

An' so I did; but Caleb he was orful sot agin it, but sed "of course they can come and make a visit;" an' I let him think so, 'cause I wasn't quite ready to have words with him yet.

We stayed about a week, an' got home along in the afternoon all right. The nex' mornin' I woke purty early, an' I sez to myself: "Courage Emmerline now or never." I kep' still, for Caleb was still a snorin', but time by he fetched an onairthly snort that wake't

himself up, an' when he see as it was gettin' daylight, he nudged me an' sez he:

"Wake up, Emmerline. Emmerline, its broad day light; come, come, get up, we shant hev any breakfast ter day."

I was orful hard to wake, but after a while I managed ter, an' while I was a rubbin' my eyes, I sez, "Got a good fire, ain't ye, Caleb?"

"Fire!" said he. "No, I never build any fires. Nancy allers built the fires."

"Did she?" sez I, cool as a cucumber. "So did Dan'l."

I turned over and went to sleep again—or at least, he thought I did.

Wall, he wiggled, and turned, and twisted, an' he didn't move ter get up fer about an hour, an' when the sun rose an' shone inter the bed room window, he got up and built the fire. An, there wasn't no kindlin's, nor a stick of wood, an' he had to skirnish round in a lively way an' get some.

Arter the fire got to cracklin' in good shape I got up. I didn't hurry none, let me tell you. I mos' died lyin' abed so long, but, sez I to myself, "Ef I make the fires now, I'll prob'ly hev to do it in cold weather, an' I won't do it for any man."

He was pretty sullen all day, but I didn't take no notice of him, an' he got over it. The nex' day he was ter begin hayin', an' he had six men ter help him. I had ter do all the work, an' take care of the milk and churnin', an' its was no fool of a job. Come, time ter get dinner, an' there wasn't a sliver of wood out. I sent Johnnie (he was then about seven years old) out in the field ter tell Caleb I wanted him.

He came in lookin' savage enough, an' wanted to know what it was I wanted. Sez I—

"I want some wood ter burn."

"Wal," sez he, "ther's a whole wood pile out there. Help yerself."

"An' not a stick split," sez I. "You will hev ter get a bigger stove ter burn that."

"Wall, it ain't such a hard job to split it," sez he. "Nancy used tew, often, when I was bizzzy."

"Did she?" sez I. "So did Dan'l."

He got the wood, an' said, as he was going out, that he didn't want ter be called in out o' the mowing field again, unless 'twas for victuals.

"All right," sez I.

The nex' day 'twas the same thing; not a stick split. Thinks I, "Old fellow, you ain't got Nancy here. I'll larn ye a little somethin' that p'raps ye don't know." So when it was dinner time I blows the horn, an' in comes all seven of these men an' sets down ter the table. Sich 'stonished lookin' faces as they had as they viewed the grub. The biscuit was dough, the pertaters, an' meat, an' vegetables, and everything was washed clean and put on raw. Not a Caleb was cooked.

Caleb looked blacker'n a thunder cloud.

"What does this mean?" sez he.

"It means what it means," sez I.

"You said yes't'day that you didn't want ter be called in from the mowin' field again, unless it was for victuals, and here they are."

"Nice shape, tew," sez he.

"Wall I can't cook 'thout wood," sez I, dryly like.

With that all seven of 'em started for the door, an' they never left that pile till it was ready for the stove. I never was bothered for wood again.

A few weeks after I wanted some money purty bad. I wanted ter send Johnnie and Nellie back to school, an' I was bound that they should hev some clothes fit to wear. I asked Caleb a number of times to let me hev some, but he made all kinds of excuses. I didn't tell him what I wanted of it, mind ye. So one day along comes a peddler buyin' butter'n eggs. I had considerable on hand that Caleb was intending to carry into ther city when he had time. So I sold every pound of butter an' eggs I had in the house. I got nigh on to twenty-five dollars for 'em.

When Caleb come home I told him I had sold the butter'n eggs.

"Heow much did you git?" sez he.

I told him.

"Where's the money?" sez he.

"I've got it," sez I.

"Wall," sez he, "Nancy allers give me all the money that she took for her butter and eggs."

"Did she," sez I. "And so did Dan'l."

He got tired of holding Nancy up afore my eyes, for I would offset her with Dan'l every time. He found that I was powerful sot in my way, an' he

thought he might as well let me hev my own way, an' so he sez:

"I don't mean to be ugly, but I won't be trod on by nobody."

When he wouldn't let me hev what money I wanted, I'd sell somethin' every time. I sold two tons of hay one time, when I knew he only had enough to winter his critters. So, on the whole he found out that I wasn't afraid of him, and he behaved quite decent. I told him not long ago that he was growin' clever.

"Clever!" sez he. "I'd rather you'd call me a dog-goned fule than clever."

But I notice he has improved, an' lay it ter his trainin'—Maine Farmer.

Made Gray by Fright.

Several days ago an item appeared in the *Courier-Journal* about hair being turned gray by a sudden fright, and the other day a well known saloon keeper in this city met a reporter and remarked:

"I know of another instance of hair being turned gray by fright which is even more remarkable than the one mentioned in the paper. About fifteen years ago a young man named Henry Richards, who lived at Terre Haute Ind., was going home one evening about dark from a visit to a friend, and was walking along the railroad track. Some distance from town was a very high trestle work over a creek, there being no planks placed across for walking so that people had to go over on ties. Richards was walking along at a lively rate, and when he arrived at the bridge he did not stop to think that a train coming in was then due, but being in a hurry to get home he started to walk across on the cross-ties. He had gotten nearly half way across the bridge when the train came slipping around a curve at a lively rate. He saw the train at once, and started to run, but saw it was useless, as it would certainly overtake him before he could get off the bridge. He was now in a terrible plight; to jump off was certain death, and if he remained on the track the train would crush him to pieces. There was no woodwork beneath the bridge for him to hang on to, so he saw that his only chance was to swing on to a small iron rod that passed under the cross ties. No time was to be lost, as the train was nearly on the edge of the bridge. So he swung himself under the ties, and in a few moments was hanging on for dear life. The engineer had seen him just before he swung under the bridge, and tried to stop the train, but did more harm than good, as he only succeeded in checking the speed of the train, and made it a longer time in passing over the form of Richards. As the engine passed over, the coals of fire from the ash pan dropped out, and a number of them dropped on his hands, burning his flesh to the bone, as he could not shake them off, and to let go would have been certain death.

"The trial was at length over, and nearly dead from fright and exhaustion, with his hands burned in a terrible manner, Richards swung himself upon the bridge again and ran home. When he reached there, his hair had not turned, but in a short time afterward it began to get gray, and by morning was almost perfectly white."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

LAST season 1,542 car-loads of melons were shipped to St. Louis and Chicago from Scott county, Mo. The acreage planted this year is much greater.

—One Congressional District in Texas covers more territory than all Alabama and Mississippi.

THE world moves because it can not pay rent.

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Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive. Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part. Pain under the Shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind. Irritability of temper. Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty. Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye. Restlessness, with fitful dreams, highly colored urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents. 35 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a Glossy Black by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts Instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of \$1. OFFICE, 35 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK.

(See TUTT'S MANUAL of Valuable Information and Caution Receipts will be mailed FREE on application.)

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Mustang Liniment is without an equal. It penetrates flesh and muscle to the very bone—relieving the constant pain of rheumatism, neuralgia, and the Brute Creation are equally wonderful. The Mexican

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which speedily cures such ailments of the HUMAN FLESH as Rheumatism, Swellings, Stiff Joints, Contracted Muscles, Burns and Scalds, Cuts, Bruises and Sprains, Poisonous Bites and Stings, Stiffness, Lameness, Old Sores, Ulcers, Frostbites, Chilblains, Sore Nipples, Caked Breast, and indeed every form of external disease. It heals without scars.

For the BRUTE CREATION it cures Sprains, Swellings, Stiff Joints, Founder, Horns, Scabs, Scalds, Hollow Horns, Scratches, Windgalls, Spavin, Thrush, Ringbone, Old Sores, Poll Evil, Film upon the Sight and every other ailment to which the occupants of the Stable and Stock Yard are liable. The Mexican Mustang Liniment always cures and never disappoints; and it is, positively,

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D. HARTER'S

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